

VOL. LXIII. No. 1631.

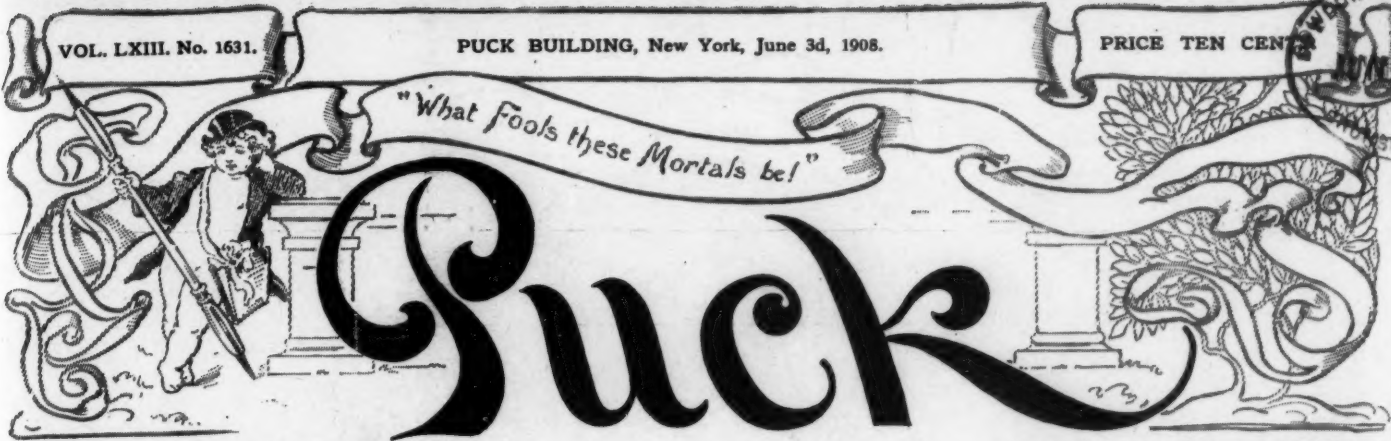
PUCK BUILDING, New York, June 3d, 1908.

PRICE TEN CENTS

JUN 3 1908

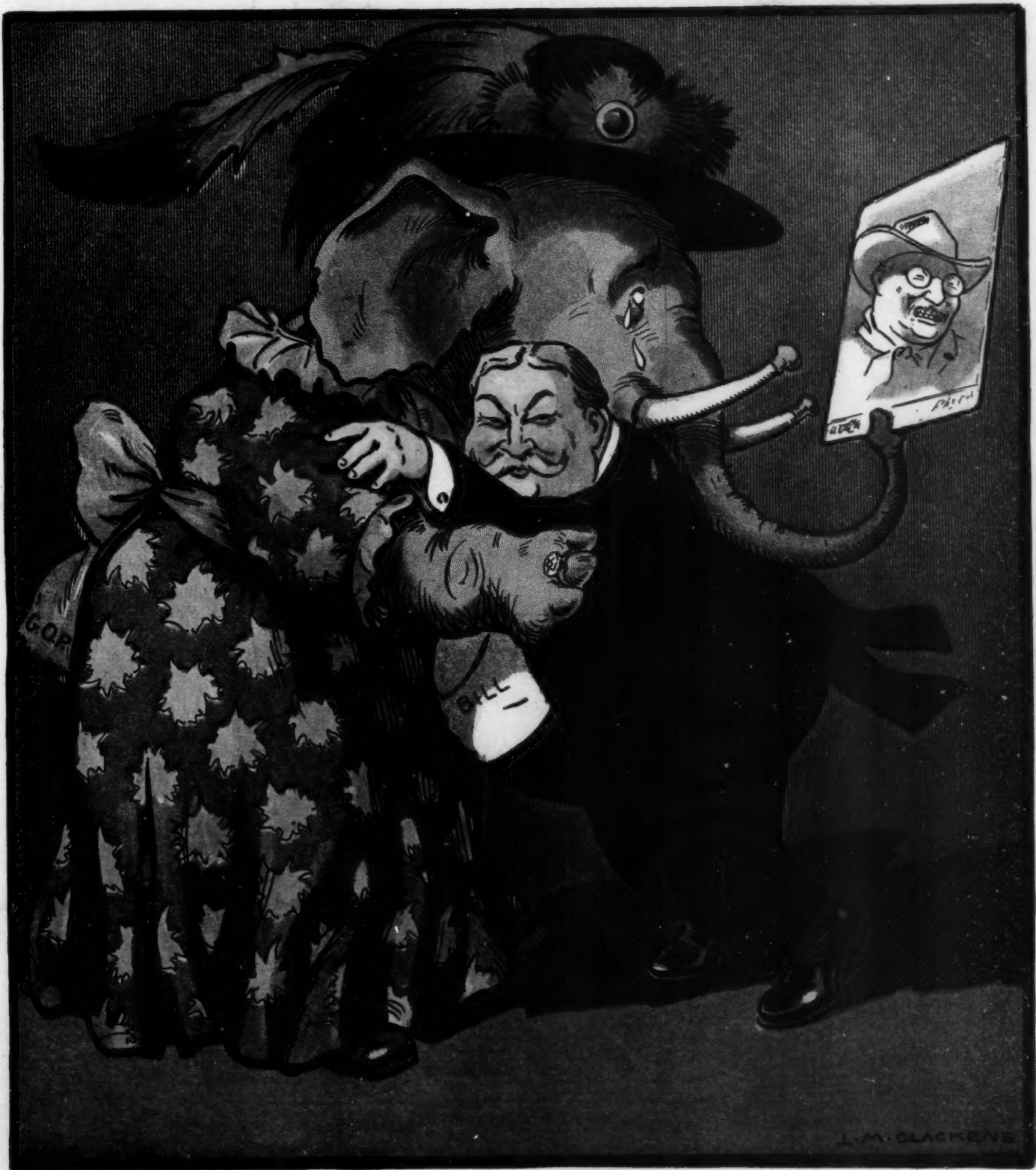
NEWBORN COLLEGE LIBRARY
NEWBORN, MAINE.

"What fools these mortals be!"



Copyright, 1908, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE GREAT RENUNCIATION.

NECESSITY IS THE MATERNAL PARENT OF INVENTION.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
255-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1631. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1908
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance

Puck's Platform: Play the Game with the Cards on the Table.

ACCORDING TO John W. Griggs, former Attorney General of the United States, the late Mark Hanna "was the ideal American." In which case, we presume, Hannaism is the ideal Americanism. Is it?

WE MAY, it is true, be unreasonably impatient, but isn't it about time for Harriman to answer those questions? They were such interesting questions.

A BROOKLYN man named Marsh was bitten by a dog. Immediately preparations were made to hurry him out of the world. The

WHEN THE trees have been stripped from the mountains; when the sources of the rivers are dry; when the farmland, which the

rivers now nourish, is sterile and hard, and the mill-wheels stop for permanent lack of power, perhaps some future Congress will reluctantly consent to a modified Tariff on wood-pulp, and to the creation of a "forest reserve" or two where the forests used to be.

GIVEN, BAD business. Wanted, good business. Solution, raise freight rates. There seem to be no limits to American Railway genius.

WHY CHANGE the honored words of "Dixie"? The good people who would do such a thing will get in the class, if they don't look out, with the weird ones who substituted Remsenburg for the good old Indian name of Speonk. Nobody will sing the new words, anyway. Does anybody call Sing Sing, Ossining?

THAT THIS grievous and evil lack may but a little longer afflict us may an Almighty Providence graciously vouchsafe! — *The Sun*.

A characteristically impudent supplication by our esteemed contemporary, which is forever serving the devil in the livery of heaven.

Is a ship subsidy a special privilege? or isn't it? If it is, Mr. Roosevelt should oppose it; for special privilege is the root of all evil in our government.

HIS [ROOSEVELT'S] power is so great that a single speech may make a difference of millions of dollars in market quotations the next day. — *The World*.

That is the fault of our methods of doing business.



STRANDED.

"It's a case of walk home, boys. There ain't a soul in the house."

PUCK

The Ricey Way.

The Old Shoe.



The Question.

Venus.

Heart and Arrow.

The Ring.

The Twins.

THE SKIES FOR JUNE.

UNMADE HISTORY.

THE emancipation of woman having at length worked out to a logical and symmetrical finish, the bride and her best woman waited at the altar, while the groom came up the aisle on the arm of his mother, who gave him away.

The groomsmen wore crepe de chine and carried groom roses.

Three clergywomen assisted at the ceremony.

The groom's father sat in the family pew. He was dressed in wine-colored silk, with ropes of pearls.

The streets in the vicinity of the church were packed with a mob of onlookers, mostly men and children, prompted thither by curiosity. R. B.

CORRECT.

FOOTPAD.—Fork over your money, now, or I'll blow your brains out!

WHOOPLER.—Blow away, my dear fellow! A chap can get along in New York without brains, but he cannot without money.

THE SPHINX AND SUCCESS.

THE Ambitious Young Man approached the Sphinx, and said: "Oh, tell me, learned one, what rule makes for Success."

"I will sir," said the Sphinx, with a slight smile. "No man

is a success alone; he must have his associates, his assistants. Select a capable general manager and make him responsible to you for everything; choose for him a lieutenant, holding him responsible to your general manager. For the lieutenant get a division superintendent under command of the lieutenant; under him an assistant, and under him an assistant, and under the assistant - assistant a helper, each in turn responsible to the one above. Follow this to the last and lowest man. You yourself have no worry, no frets, and need only to draw the dividends. You may even live in Europe."

"But," asked the Ambitious Young Man, puzzled, "how am I to be able to select the right men?"

And then the Sphinx smiled broadly.



NOCTURNAL PRECAUTION.

LOOKING FOR THE BURGLAR.

Society, in the real sense, is something to keep somebody out of, in such a way that nobody will doubt it is really worth getting into.



"HOW LUCKY SOME FOLKS ARE TO BE ABLE TO TRAVEL!"

NOT IN AMERICA.

[Oratory, without doubt, is declining, and declining so rapidly that before long we shall very likely be speaking of it as one of the lost arts. — *Liverpool Daily Post*.]



GHOST of Hayne's and Webster's art!
O Douglas, Henry, Phillips, Polk!
O thou who always "said in part,"
And ye who always "also spoke!"
Ah, gentlemen, is't gone away
And fled its noble, quondam glory?
I mean, I think I need not say,
The splendid art of oratory!

Lost? Nay—Er—from the pines of Maine
To—hem—where rolls the Oregon,
Before and during each campaign
It is our great *sine qua non*.
Say that this spinning globe is flat;
Say that the sun has stopped its shining;
But, gentlemen, who credits that
Great oratory is declining?

Demosthenes and Cicero
Were well enough upon a time,
But who of us that does not know
An oratory more sublime?
As when some member of the House
Grown most unusually lippy
Proceeds with limpid words to douse
The gentleman from Mississipp!

Declining? Not the while we have
The glorious nominating speech,
The wordy balm, the verbal salve,
Not while the eagle loves to screech.
Declining? Never! while we stand
United, knowing not bisection—
This great, this grand, this glorious land
Of—er—the rising—hem—inlection!

Franklin P. Adams.

MR. OBBINS' OBSERVATIONS.

"IT'S MORE than passing strange," commented Philosopher Henry Obbins,—"Puff—puff!—that's a terrible cigar—got it on Grand Street!—It's more than passing strange how some small deed, done in an unsuspecting moment, will shadow a man's life for months—will worry him, haunt him, at times sear his soul, will make him meet his fellows with fear and hopelessness, will become a damning obsession, a—"

"Might we enquire what's happened, Hen?" asked ancient Mr. Benjamin Spewingle, the benign Secretary of the *Evening Out Social Club*, Bronx branch.

Mr. Obbins gazed serenely into the face between Secretary

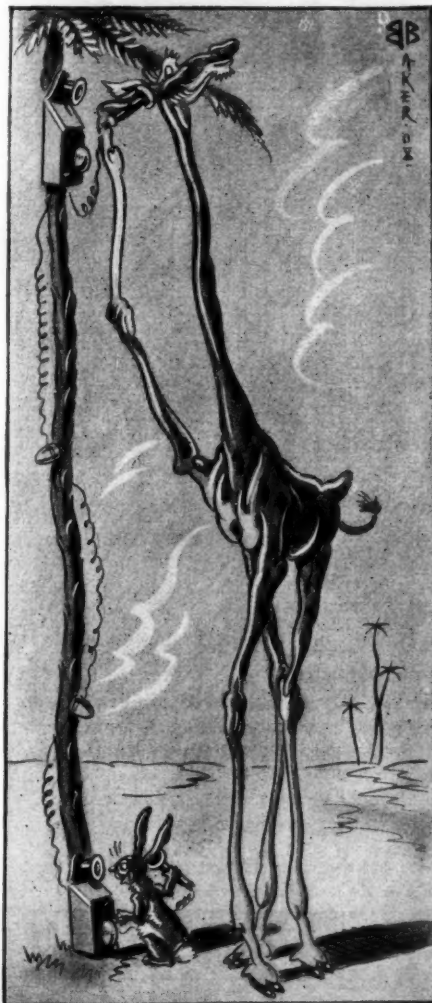


NO?

MOTHER (to herself).—I'm so glad that Julia and Albert are both musical. They don't spend their time spooning like most engaged couples.

Beware likewise of the sheep in wolf's clothing. His over-confidence may give you an uncomfortable place among the in-bads.

Speriwingle's flowing white side-whiskers. "It's nothing so recent you'd notice it, so's to make a record of it, Ben; but I'll cite the instance. Five years ago this Spring I wandered into a hat store on Broadway, the way a man sometimes will wander into a store with less idea than a one-day-old kitten as to what he wants, and asked for a hat for self. I tried on a few. The black derbies looked cheap and didn't fit my face. The brown soft hats had a kind of Mexican leer to the brim. The gay hat clerk got weary bringing out new head-gear for me. I wasn't in a mood to be suited, and was about to depart from the lid emporium when mister clerk danced



ON THE LONG-DISTANCE.

THE RABBIT.—Hello! Hello!—
Who is this?

at that hat for six weeks it appeared to be of a different color. And always such a damned modest hat. None of my friends considered the hat a success. I could see that. The looks of pained surprise, when I showed up anywhere wearing that hat, hurt worse than the open jeers which came from certain grosser minds. Inquiries began to flow in regarding the hat. One friend wrote to ask if it was Asiatic in origin. And he tried to disguise his writing at that. The ladies seemed to have a particularly observant appreciation of the hat. My wife never cared for it, and even said so. I used to look at the hat and wonder what there was about it to start such an uproar and to make me so unhappy. The accursed hat was so modest and seemly while I looked at it that I'd put it on and wear it, determined to prove that it was the people, and not the hat, who were foolish.

"The weeks went on; the feeling grew upon me that my pearl grey mother-of-violet mouse-colored faded steel-dust-effect hat was a jest. For such a modest hat as it was, it drew more attention than the fanciest tile that ever startled the Great White Way—"

"Mr. Obbins," gently interrupted Secretary Speriwingle, "I remember that hat—remember it well."

to the rear of the shop and back, and presented for my inspection a hat of a real nice unoffensive color, and not too large or too small a shape for my face. Now, that hat was the most neutral-looking affair you ever saw. Just a modest derby that might have been mouse color, or drab, or pea green, or moonlit pearl, or mother-of-violet, or steel grey, or any one of half a hundred other shades.

"Well, sir, the color (whatever it was) of that hat was my undoing. I carelessly said to my subconscious self, 'Henry, my Boy, here is a hat that can never be criticized. It is the soul of retirement. There isn't a thing about it which is at all pronounced. It is, *par excellence*, THE hat for a man of quiet taste.' I bought the hat, and went to my office wearing it. There was a subdued murmur among the stenographers when I passed down the line to my desk. I shall never forget that murmur. Placing the hat on top of my desk,

I noted that it was of a different color from what I had imagined. Every time I looked



EXTREMES MEET.

"The deuce you do!" said Mr. Obbins. "Why, I wasn't a member of the Club then,—I—"

"I know you weren't," said Secretary Speriwingle; "but your name was up for admission, and you were black-balled, the first vote, on account of that hat."

"They thought I was dippy!" said Obbins; "and I don't blame 'em. Ben," he presently queried, "could you ever guess what became of that hat?"

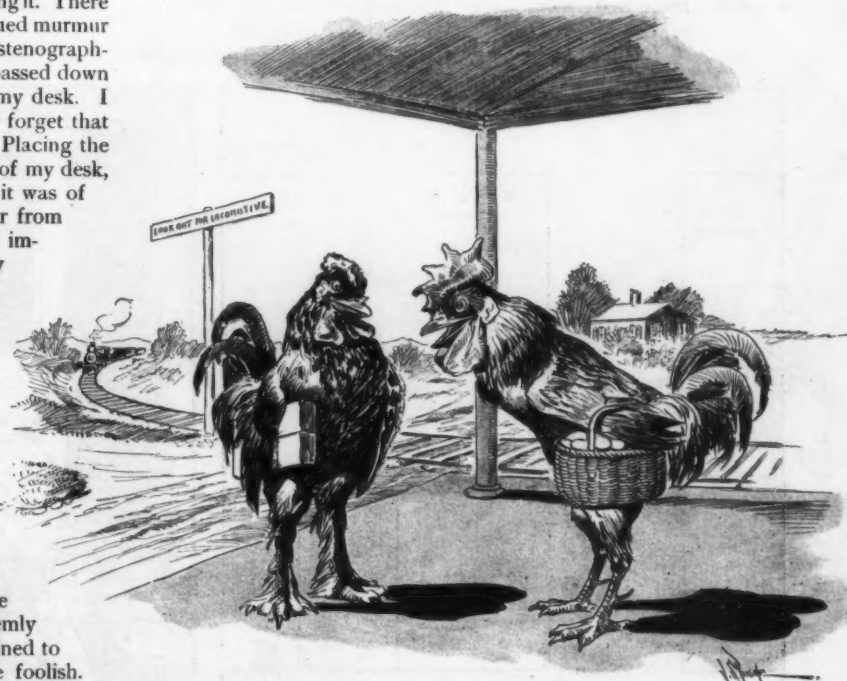
"Ash man?" suggested the Secretary.

"I took it fishing with me, and sunk it with a brick. No one knows the spot but I."

"Fine," commented Mr. Speriwingle.

—"And I've forgotten the spot," said Obbins.

The club members breathed a vast sigh of relief. Fred Ladd.



SUBURBAN CONFIDENCES.

MR. DOLLARDOWN'S ROOSTER.—Morning, old man! You a commuter?

MR. SAMEASRENT'S ROOSTER.—Oh, no; but the country gets on my nerves if I don't run up to town now and then.

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

(From the Young Ladies' Home Chum.)

WE TAKE a great deal of pleasure in presenting for the first time our new department of sports. We believe in open, as well as hot, air, and we shall do all we can to encourage the use of both.

HINTS ON TENNIS.

Serve the ball standing with both feet back of the base line, and let your skirt be not more than six inches from the ground. With white shoes be sure to wear white stockings—an all white costume is said to be preferred by Larned and other cracks. In making strokes, remember to carry through, unless your hat interferes; do not hesitate to sacrifice your appearance to the game, if playing with girls.

It is important to be balanced firmly on your feet when striking the ball, and always tree your shoes when not in use. Their flat shape is very trying, and too much care cannot be devoted to them; better get them a size or so smaller than your usual wear—they are so much *en evidence*—as they will probably stretch quite a bit by autumn. A little shouting and high kicking, though not usually lady-like, are permitted by the latitude of this game. It is not only extravagant but in rather doubtful form to wear silk stockings; an exception may be made, however, when you are anxious to make certain of playing with him again.

Offer to chase balls, but be sure to forget it. Move up the score when the others seem in doubt about it; your partner will notice and appreciate your helpfulness. After all, girls, shouldn't we make some effort to redeem the points we lose for them?

OUT-DOOR ADVICE.

A large pink satin bow fastened on your canoe paddle, just below the top of the handle, is very chic. Be careful not to splash it, as water will leave nasty spots. But then you will not use it much—

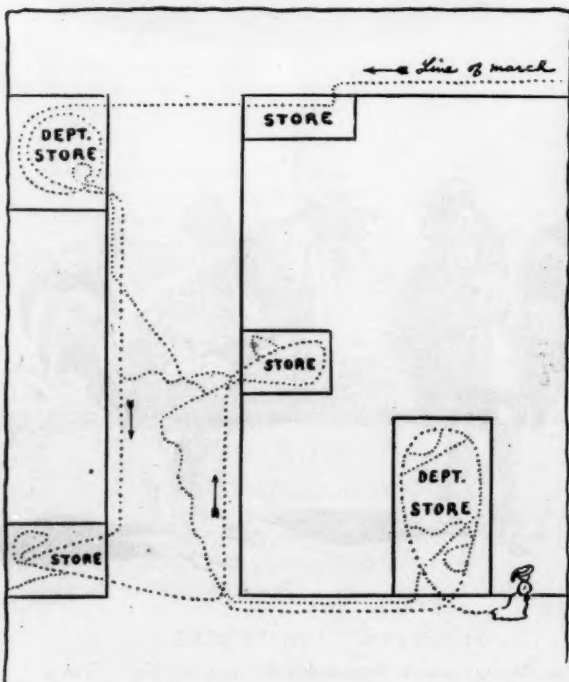
THE PAY-AS-YOU-ENTER-CHURCH.
A SUGGESTION OFFERED GRATUITOUSLY TO THE PRESBYTERY, THE METHODIST CONFERENCE, ETC., ETC.

except to carry, when with a man; and if you go out with another girl you may remove it.

When motoring, pretend to enjoy the highest speed. This is sporty. We advise keeping the eyes shut, to save one's nerves and to prevent annoying the driver by squealing at narrow escapes from slaughter of beasts or men.

BICYCLING.—But nobody does any more— L. B.

THAT MRS. ODEARME. EVER MEET HER?



In the city, she will walk four miles going from one store to another and think nothing of it.



But in the country, if she walks half a mile, she gets "nervous exhaustion."

HELP! HELP!

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES SHOULD CLASSIFY THEIR OFFERINGS ACCORDING TO ABILITY.



Can boil water, eat and sleep. Wages wanted, \$20 a month.



Can boil eggs and do plain dish-washing. Wages wanted, \$22.



Can boil potatoes and run carpet-sweeper. Wages wanted, \$24.



Can boil anything that should be baked or roasted. Wages, \$26.



Can do plain cooking after she is shown how. Then leave. Wages, \$30.

MY MOTOR.



Who was by Satan's self designed?
Who has more whims than womankind,
And never seems to know her mind?
My motor.

Who doesn't meet me at the train—
Eliciting remarks profane,
As home I foot it in the rain?
My motor.

Who's always getting out of whack,
And makes me work with wrench and jack,
Until my hands and face are black?
My motor.

Who tried to climb a wayside tree
And tumbled backward onto me?
Who broke my arm and sprained my knee?
My motor.

Who pitched me from my seat pell mell,
And mounted on me when I fell,
So I was weeks in getting well?
My motor.

Who costs me more for wear and tear
Than my collapsing purse will bear?
Who taught me how to drink and swear?
My motor.

Who is it drags me into debt,
And makes me fear the sheriff's threat?
Who other than my pride, my pet?
My motor. B. L. T.

IN THE BLOOD.

WILLY LAMB was one of those fellows that everybody liked, remarking that "he does not amount to anything."

When he had a bargain to make he would say, "Oh, whatever you think is fair," and he was quite content to give faithful service for the salary that "Root and Driver" saw fit to pay. He would give what he could to anyone who asked him. An elderly termagant had seized upon him and married him by force, in order to improve her social condition.

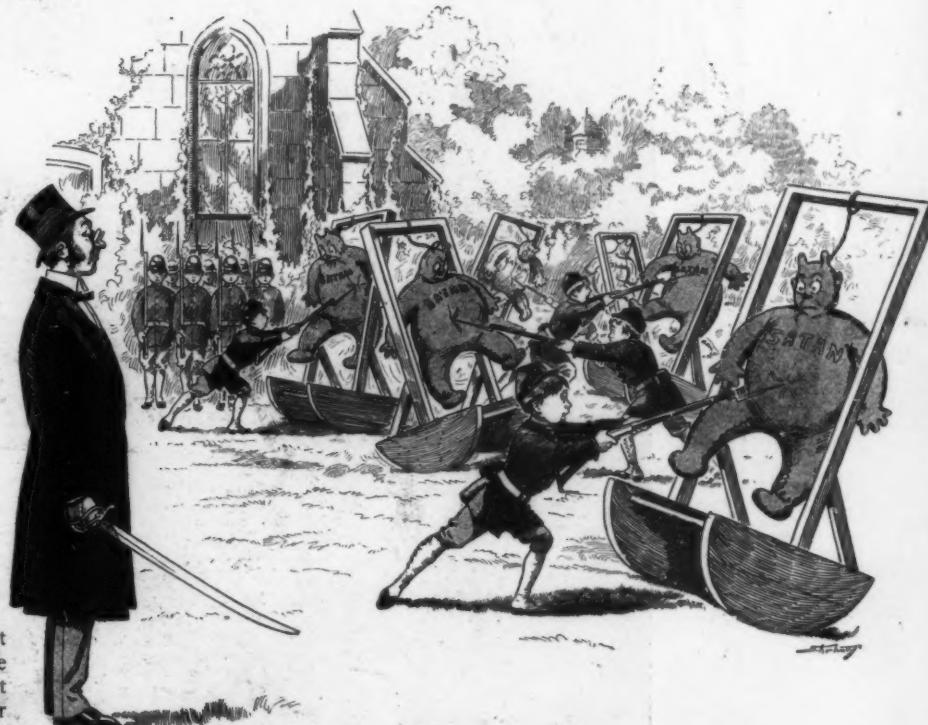
Willy fell ill, and being poor, went to the hospital, where they experiment on people. The doctors decided

that he needed blood, and as he could never afford to buy human blood, even at the present bargain prices, they looked about for the animal nearest like man to transfer its blood to him. Of course they chose a hog: hairless, tailless, omnivorous; the operation was successful, notwithstanding which, Lamb recovered.

But a great change had come over him. He knew so much of the methods of the firm that he insisted on being admitted as a member as the price of his silence. Then he began to write his name W. C. Lamb and to cut off all his charities. He drove hard bargains with the men who had once thought him legitimate prey. Then he grabbed a little cross-town railroad, capitalized it at ten times its cost and sold it to the Combine. The Combine had to take him in.

At the same time he put his wife on a short allowance. The newspapers gossiped about his personal affairs and pointed to him as a model for the young. His name began to appear on boards of directors. In short, he grew rich, respected and influential, and men said "it was in Lamb's blood to succeed."

Bolton Hall.



THE CHURCH MILITANT.

BAYONET EXERCISE FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL CADETS.

The millennium will be a time when people carry out their good intentions.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE KEPT JUDGE.

Does a protest against *this* type of justice assail "the integrity of the courts"?



A SEARCH FOR SOLITUDE.



II, where is the street that is free from contention,
A street where the people will not pause and stare,
Where style without riches attracts no attention?
Ah! would that kind Fate would direct me to there

Shops, cars and automobiles don't annoy me,
And nothing I care for the odors they make.
One place, could I find it, would quite over-joy me, —
A place I could eat this five cents'-worth of cake.

A. K. Temple.

FROM AN OLD SETTLER'S DATE-BOOK.

"**L**ISH LITTLEFIELD moved his family here the year of the Big Wreck, which came ashore off the Fenner farm. Joe Johnson left town and joined the army or navy, nobody ever knowed rightly which, there being nothing doing on the farm that year and he said he had to get busy somewhere. Esau Weatherby and Lizzie Fairbanks was married together year of the Big Tide, being about June, nobody ever thinking they would live with each other over a year, which they did, being unseparated yet, and that's years ago. Simon Roofrees went up to the city and was fitted to some new store teeth the year the Big Tree blew down front of the store, and had more trouble breaking 'em in than a two-year-old colt, which is saying considerable; but he did it.

"Big railroad smashup was in '72, the year the Skillingses went to Brunswick to live and didn't stay more'n three months, me telling 'em so all the while but they wouldn't hear to it. Big Jim Fogg moved here with his family the year of the Big Fog, which some folks thought was mighty peculiar, though nothing was said about it in Jim's hearing which would tend to hurt his feelings.

"Big Panic was in '73, and nothing happened that year, — but the panic.

"Big Wind and Big Rain both came same year Job Burrel's new barn full of corn burned down and nothing was left but the ashes.

"Big Haul of Fish in '84. Broke all the nets.

"Big Blizzard in '88. Broke all records.

"Big Bank Run in '93. Broke everybody in town."

Jack P. Robinson.

FORCE OF HABIT.

HOGAN. — Phwat became av Pat?

GROGAN. — The poor felly mishtook an auto horn fer a whistle and shtopped wurk crossing the strate.

STRENUOUS.

GOOD GRACIOUS! Look! What can be the matter? There—across the street! What is it that is tossing that woman about, from side to side, in such a violent manner?"

"Possibly she is trying to hold her tongue."

PROUD.

EACH YEAR the duchess had her apartments gone over, and the floor of her boudoir freshly spread with \$20,000.

"I have never dressed on less!" her grace was wont to declare, haughtily, with all the fine pride of her pure American extraction.

STANDARD TIME.

TEACHER. — What is the equivalent of sixty minutes, Eddie Motorby?

EDDIE MOTORBY. — Sixty miles!

SOON.

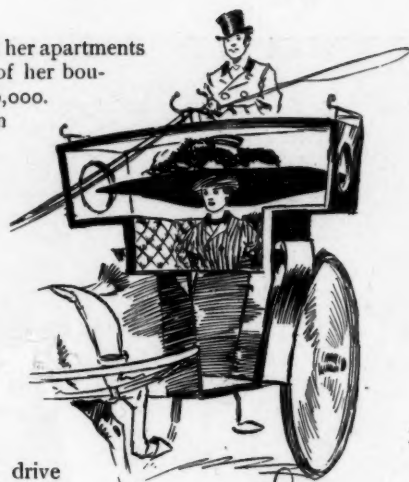
FARMER. — I'm a-goin' to drive to town some day next week, Marthy.

HIS WIFE. — You can't, Hiram. I wuz just lookin' over the skedool of auto races an' there ain't an open date for hoss-drivin' on the roads for the next ten days.

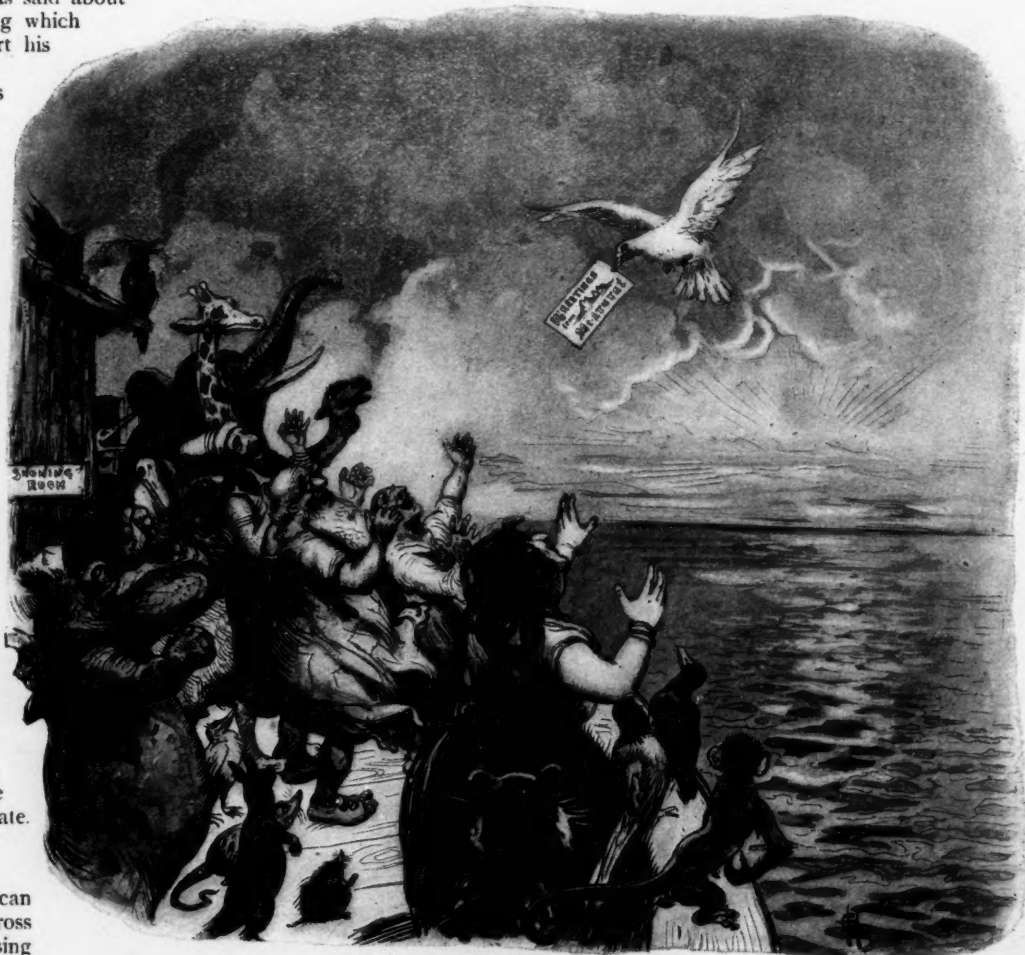
LIMERICK LINGO.

THERE was a young man in Haiti
Who rejoiced in the cognomen, Kaiti;
She weighed 200 lbs.
In pajamas — but zbs!
She was not in that country thought waiti.

MARRIAGE is that mysterious institution to which a man pays homage before and freight after.

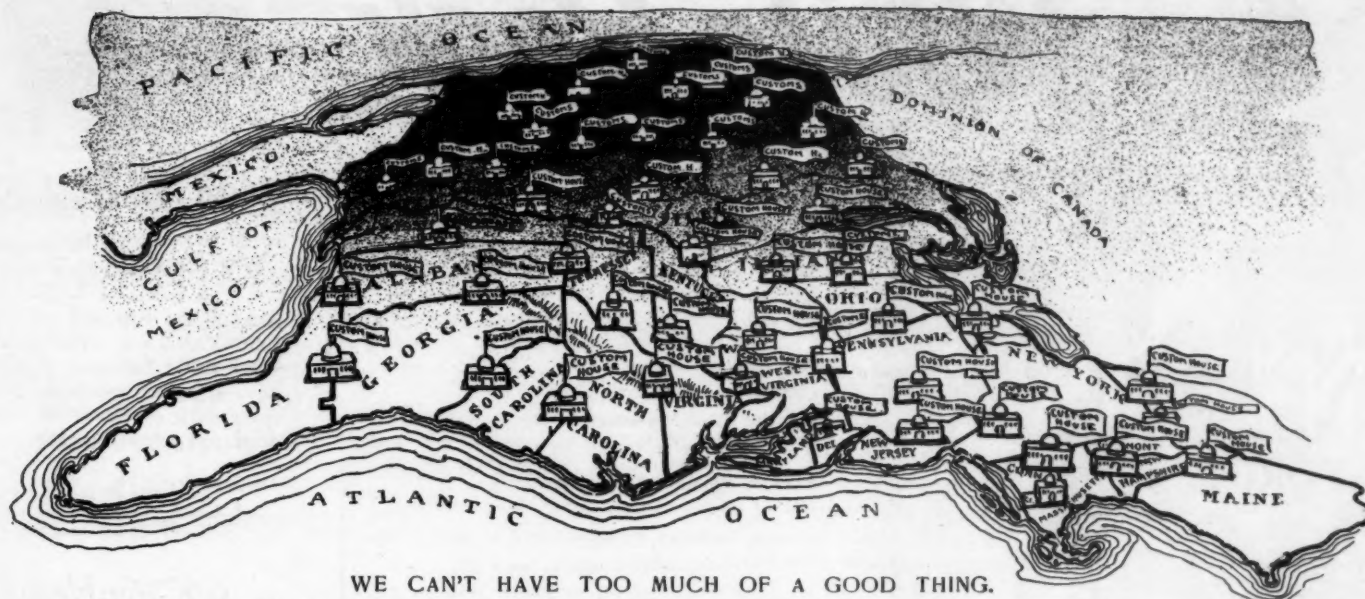


THE MERRYWIDOW CAB.



THE TRUTH AT LAST.

"And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was a souvenir post-card; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth." — Revised Version.



WE CAN'T HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

If Protection means Prosperity, why not "Protect" our States, which now suffer severely from "ruinous free trade" with one another?

HEAD-QUARTERS.

IN AN office building corridor
I met the Archer lad.

Said I: "What are you loitering for,
When country lanes are glad
With sunshine and with flowers?
Why are you absent from your
bowers?"

"Oh, summer bowers are very
well—
I've young assistants there,—
But a man like you I need hardly
tell
That the boss's place is where
The biggest rush of the day is
found.

What place can you recall
That with lover's lanes and with trysts
abound,
Like the corner of Broad and Wall?

"There are dates to meet on the eight-fifteen;
They tête-à-tête on the boat;
They chat behind the director's screen,
And the plan that they promote,
Is to meet at noon for a lunch discreet—
Of a quiet afternoon
These business corridors can beat
A lane beneath the moon.

"A dozen couple of youngsters stay
At work the summer through,
For every pair who go off to play;
And I've too much to do
To waste my crowded hours
On the hardened few who haunt my bowers."

Layton Brewer.

MEMENTO.

BECAUSE, with the help of only here and there a moderately
storied urn, or a more or less animated bust, we have
succeeded so admirably in not quite forgetting Shakespeare, it's
no sign posterity will prove as clever. Already, in our own time,
we begin to encounter the disquieting spectacle of men who can

scarcely recall, from day to day, the batting averages or the closing
price of wheat, let alone things of lesser significance; while as for
the future, what with wood pulp coming in free (the tariff will be
taken up right after election) to make reading matter still rotener
and more redundant, it is difficult to see how the human memory
can long escape complete obliteration.

These things being so, we shall hardly withhold the paltry mil-
lion (less than one-hundredth part of what we commonly pay for a
panic) which we are being asked to contribute towards raising in
front of the great Marylebone station, in London, such a monument
as will not suffer our descendants to get off the cars there without,
barring fogs, being put in mind of the Bard of Avon.

Ramsey Benson.



THE BOND ISSUE.

CLANCY (*th' owld batch*).—That's wan thing I don't admire about
th' bonds iv mathrimony, Dinny.

CALLAHAN.—What's thot?

CLANCY.—Havin' to clip th' coopons!

**The indestructibility of matter is the one thing that saves the universe
from wreck at the hands of the small boy.**

Pears'

Pears' Soap is the great alchemist. Women are made fair by its use.

Sold continuously since 1789.

BUNNER'S SHORT STORIES



H. C. BUNNER.

SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.

A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated.

MADE IN FRANCE.

French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. Illustrated.

MORE SHORT SIXES.

Illustrated.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life. Illustrated.

Five Volumes, in Cloth, \$5.00
Per Volume, " " 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York.

A DREAM.

TOWNE. — Do you believe in dreams?

BROWNE. — I used to, but I don't any more.

TOWNE. — Not as superstitious as you were, eh?

BROWNE. — Oh, it wasn't a question of superstition. I was in love with one once, and she jilted me. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

The Hit of the Hour, "Richard's Poor Almanack," beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book, sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Building, N. Y.

MODERN MAXIMS.

The Laborer should be worthy of his hire.

Industrial politics make strange bed-fellows.

Sufficient unto the day is the special message.

A decision in the hand is worth two in the future.

There's many a slip between the Capitol and the White House.

It is a wise amendment that knows its own father, Mr. Hepburn.

When tariff comes into the chamber, Congressional harmony flies out of the window. — *American Industries.*



AGRICULTURAL ITEM.

FRIENDLY FARMER. — Want a job, hey? We'll, I s'pose you ain't had much farmin' experience.

THEATRICAL LOOKING PERSON. — Haven't I? Why, say, I drove the hay-wagon in the barnyard scene of "The Old Corncrib" for two hundred an' fifty nights. What more do you want?

To half a grape fruit add a teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters, and sugar to suit the taste. It's the ideal way to serve this delicious fruit.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

There was the annual debate between Harvard and Yale last week, and the daily papers of this city gave nine lines to it. If it had been a boat race or a football game they would have given nine columns. — *The Independent.*

JUST WHAT HE WANTS.

A Maine manufacturer offers Congressman Littlefield \$5,000 if he will prove to the satisfaction of twelve disinterested men or women that the protective tariff is a good thing for American workingmen. As Congressman Littlefield resigned in order to make more money than a congressman's pay, here is a chance to make a good start. — *The Commoner.*

For some reason a blind man and a mute drawn for jury service were promptly rejected. — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Club Cocktail



Is A Bottled Delight

WHY go to the inconvenience of preparing your own drinks when a bottle of CLUB COCKTAILS saves all the fuss and trouble. CLUB COCKTAILS are perfect cocktails—always ready for use. Their fine old liquors, measure-mixed, give them a uniformity of flavor no chance-made drink can possibly possess.

7 kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.

G.F. Heublein & Bro.

HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Comfort for Men
WASHBURNE
Patent Improved
FASTENERS
With the
BULL-DOG GRIP
Beware of Imitations
Key Chains - 25c
Scarf Holders - 10c
Cuff Holders - 20c
Bachelor Buttons - 10c
Sold everywhere or sent postpaid. Catalog free.
AMERICAN RING CO.
Dept. 99, Waterbury, Conn.

OUT TO-DAY!

Puck's Monthly
Magazine No. 42

—FOR—
JUNE

Brimful of Fun from Cover to Cover

Over Seventy Illustrations

— by the —

BEST COMIC ARTISTS

Price Ten Cents per Copy

All newsdealers, or by mail from the publishers on receipt of price

Address PUCK, NEW YORK

OUT TO-DAY!

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 265 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

ktail



Delight

venience of
drinks when
COCKTAILS
ole. CLUB
cocktails—al-
ir fine old
ve them a
hance-made

rs. Man-
d Martini
rites.

Bro.
LONDON

F BRAINS
ARS

VEST-

for Men

BURNE
Improved
ENERS

h the
OG GRIP

Imitations
- 25c
- 10c
- 20c
- 10c
- here or sent
Catalog free.
N RING CO.
erbury, Conn.

Y!

hly
O. 42

E

to Cover

ons

TS

Copy

from the

YORK

Y!

end
minerals on
sals by drug
le to George
napolis, Ind.



PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

have made their repu-
tation; but they do
not depend upon it.
They stand upon
their present merits.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street, } New York.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

PARLOUS TIMES.

"A man has to draw it fine these days."

"What do you mean?"

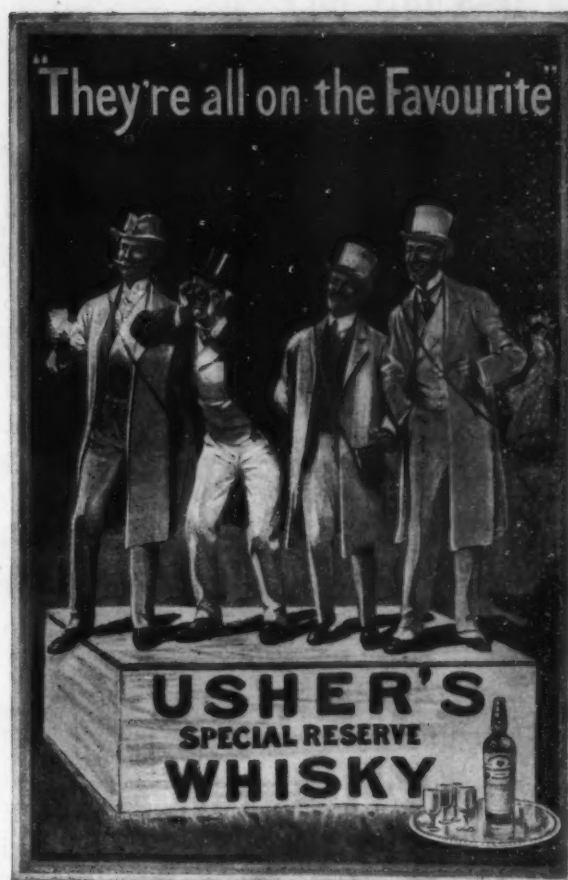
"Staying ten minutes after office hours each day will probably make a good impression, but staying fifteen is liable to excite suspicion that you are monkeying with your books."—*Kansas City Journal*.

WAIT a year before you buy "the novel of the day," and you won't have to.—*Somerville Journal*.

IF it is true that Mr. Carnegie has taken to writing poetry, he must be in earnest about wanting to die poor.—*Toledo Blade*.

APPARENTLY there are shops where they sell battle-ships on credit. At least Russia has just contracted for five new ones.—*Richmond Times-Despatch*.

THE real joke of the Chesapeake-flag incident seems to be on William Waldorf Astor, after all, when it is recalled that at the auction he was bidding against several patriotic Englishmen who ran the price up because they believed him to be an American.—*Detroit Free Press*.



PUCK PROOFS PHOTOGRAVURES FROM PUCK

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY KEPLER & SCHWARTZMAN



A PASTORAL STUDY.
By George W. Blake.

Photogravure in Sepia, 15 x 12 in.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY KEPLER & SCHWARTZMAN



THE ETERNAL QUESTION—
"Which Gown Shall I Wear?"
By Leighton Budd.

Photogravure Black, 8 x 11 in. PRICE 25 CENTS.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY KEPLER & SCHWARTZMAN



WHEW!
"If this isn't the hottest day we've had, I'll eat my hat."
By Merle Johnson.

Photo Gelatine Print, 8 x 12 in. PRICE 25 CENTS.

These are but three examples of PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Seventy Miniature Reproductions.

Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette St., New York.



ON THE SCENT.

FAIR MOTORIST.—Jackson, the next time you take the car out without permission—

CHAFFEUR.—Wha, M—m—miss, yo' see ah didn't—

FAIR MOTORIST.—Please request your lady friends to use some other perfume than musk. The tonneau is all scented up.

Remove the core from half a grape fruit, add tea-spoonful of Abbott's Bitters, and pulverized sugar to suit taste, and you have a delightful dish.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

It isn't that Jim Hill, Thomas F. Ryan and the corporation crowd want Johnson elected. The idea is to prevent the nomination, and thus the election, of Bryan. That was the idea in 1904, when they nominated Parker, but didn't want him.—*San Francisco Star*.

"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

Garrick Club Whiskey



The Whiskey of Rare Flavor

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia

THE BEGINNING OF JUSTICE.

The new Employers' Liability Act is a good step—if the Supreme Court concludes to let it stand when it comes before that tribunal to be tried upon its constitutionality.

The court canceled the former act, it will be recalled, by a vote of five to four, three of the justices making up the majority disagreeing with the reasoning of the other two, and five separate opinions being handed down.

Under the new act a railroad employee, while engaged in handling interstate traffic, may recover damages for a bodily injury even though some other employee, whom he never saw and over whom he had no control, negligently contributed to the accident.

This is a good step, but only one step. To get his damages, the crippled workman must go into court, suffer all the delay that legal ingenuity can devise, resist the wiles of the company's claim agent who will inveigle him into throwing away his rights, if possible. If without capital he must employ a "contingent fee" lawyer who will take a third of whatever amount he recovers, and occasionally sell him out to get quick returns.

The new act declares that the crippled workman has a claim. The next step should be to provide sure, prompt and cheap means of collecting the claim. We hope that Congress will do this also.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A Burlesque Historical Novel

Monsieur d'en Brochette

By the Humorous Syndicate

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
ARTHUR HAMILTON FOLWELL
and BERT LESTON TAYLOR

29 Full-page Illustrations by FRANK A. NANKIVELL

This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of history—adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Monsieur D'en Brochette" is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

PRICE IN HANDSOME CLOTH BINDING FIFTY CENTS

All Booksellers, or mailed anywhere on receipt of price by
PUCK, New York

THE MAN.—I'd give anything if you would kiss me.

THE MAID.—But the scientists say that kisses breed disease.

THE MAN.—Oh, never mind that. Go ahead, and make me an invalid for life.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

JINGLE (to short, stout party).—Just had such a good time with that lady over there. Awfully flirty, don't you know. But now she won't even look at me.

SHORT PARTY (just arrived).—How funny! She's my wife.—*The Tattler.*

"Who," she asked, "is that scrawny, bow-legged, ridiculous-looking person talking to Miss Rockingham?"

"That is Count Brisczpicknitzel!"

"Oh! What an aristocratic, noble bearing he seems to have, now that he has shifted his position so that the light strikes him properly."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



You are offering
the best when you
serve Jameson's

Sole Agents
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
New York



WELL TAKEN.

THE GROCER.—That was a funny label on the bottle you gave me, Doc. It says, "Take Well Before Shaking!"

Doc.—That's right, Si. The bottle contains ague cure.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

"A MILE OF ENGINES."

In Elkhart, Ind., the New York Central photographed Tuesday a mile of idle engines, 120 in number. The picture is to be used as an argument for raising freight rates—a step which should logically tend to make still more engines idle.

Meanwhile the American Locomotive Company, in Schenectady, is building for the Central 135 new engines to be delivered this summer. As they are bigger and better engines than the old, they will probably fill a mile and a quarter of track when completed. Why not photograph them?

The Central, like other railroads, pressed into service to carry the phenomenal traffic of the past two years every old engine that would keep the rails. Being uneconomical in operation, these footsore veterans were bound to be retired at the first opportunity. They may, as piteously stated, "represent a cost" of \$1,000,000, but they are worth now what they can earn as yard engines or will bring as junk.

The way for a strong railroad like the Central to meet slack times is to cut its dividends. A weak railroad's proper course is to become strong by passing through the water-squeezing process of a receivership. To woo back prosperity by raising the cost of service is folly.—*N. Y. World.*



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you. It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures. A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

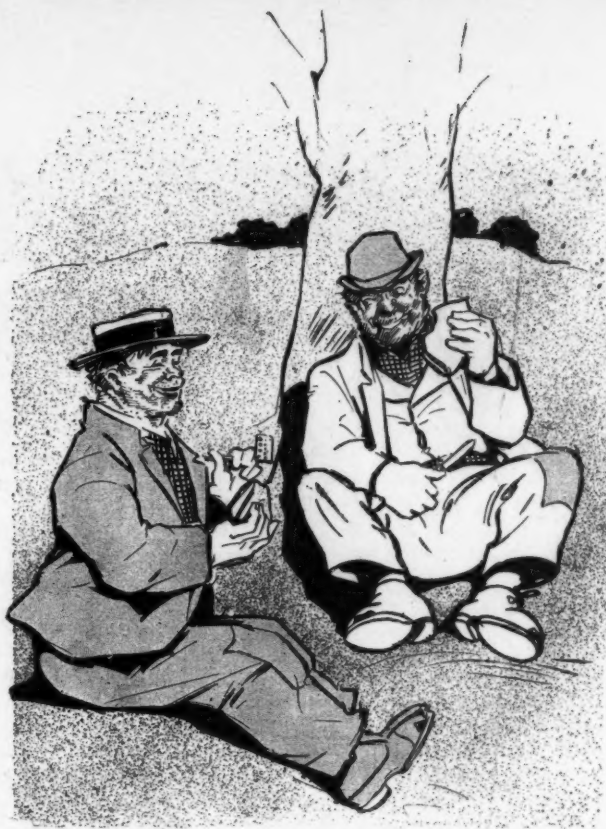
SEND 10 CENTS and we will send a sample.
THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

THE INVULNERABLE ONE.

Said Achilles, "I scarcely can feel
The missiles of lead and of steel,
For my adamant shin
Allows none to come in—
I've a bullet-proof pad on my heel!"
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"PARDON ME," the photographer said, "but I think your smile is unnecessarily broad, it will show all your teeth."

"Those teeth cost me sixty dollars," growled the sitter. "I want 'em to show."—*Chicago Tribune.*



CORRECTED.

"Who yer goin' t' vote for this year?"

"Vote? Yer mean who'm I goin' t' float fer, don't yer?"

AMID THE CULTURED SHADES.

The Boston Editor reports a Baseball Game.

The semicircular erections were spiritually magnificent with their be vies of Back Bay beauties seated thereon when the organization from Harvard

The "One Best"

beverage when sailing, camping, tramping, hunting, fishing, motoring or loafing is

Evans' Ale

Doubles the benefits of an outing. Soothing, satisfying, strengthening and stimulating.

Take it with you wherever you go. Drink it wherever you are.

In Splits as well as regular size. All dealers and places.



traversed the field in a gentlemanly fashion. One student seized the willow where it gave the greatest leverage and struck a graceful attitude. However, he struck nothing else, for he who evolves the sphere now entered into a series of remarkable contortions from which the globe finally emerged, describing a perfect parabola, whose orbit seemed unapproachable to the disconcerted scientist. The process being repeated three consecutive times, the unfortunate student retired bursting into tears.

His successor was more successful, succeeding in approaching into closer proximity to the tabloid, which he ejected violently into the left-hand prairie, where it passed peacefully away in the hands of an unsympathetic barbarian.

(At this point the reporter was ejected.)—*Harvard Lampoon.*

JUNE, 1908.

No. 68

\$1.00 Per Year.
25 Cents per Copy.

Pickings from Puck



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, PUCK BUILDING
295-305 LAFAYETTE ST., NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Entered, August 6th, 1901, at the N. Y. P. O.
as second-class mail matter.

JUST OUT

Contains more than

200 Illustrations
by Puck's staff
of artists.

Price, 25 Cents per Copy

All Newsdealers, or by mail from the Publishers
on receipt of price.

Address, PUCK, New York.

